

#### 4.

Having only had so much practice in one day, the thought of trying to fly again weighed almost as much on Spyro's mind as his body did upon the thudding ground—and that was earlier. Now, at two-hundred and fifty feet tall, at the horns, the enlarged dragon put no further stock in trying to fly. Besides, having become bipedal and quite man-like (that's what Figment kept calling them), simply putting one foot in front of the other was doing the job just fine. In fact, walking wasn't so bad, at all, once he adjusted to it. Having all the body's weight bear down on just two points was interesting, in how it made vibrations double up and travel.

"If the other dragons could see me now!" he chuckled, pushing his concerns over the fractured group away. "Talk about looking up to me!"

Spyro kept walking, and for a moment, there was only his own booming footfall to keep him company, echoing about the vast sprawl of forestry beneath him.

"I'm sure he's fine," he told no one but himself, out of nowhere, betraying his thoughts. "Just gotta follow that no-good bird..."

It was something of a blessing, that Diablo had swollen up to such a magnitude, since it made tracking him from land fairly easy. Even miles away, the dragon could squint enough to suss out the huge raven's form, far off; it dipped into a landing, vanishing beyond the sleeping castle from before, and Spyro made a little knowing cluck with his tongue.

"Yup."

He could be there in another ten or so minutes, he figured, as his pace quickened. It was only a few minutes into his trek, that he forced the barest of bones of a plan into his thought processes:

"Right. No sweat. Just gotta clobber that bird, get the bag back, and save Cynder, before something awful happens to her—"

What rose back up into the skies wasn't quite as big, igniting Spyro's curiosity, then his confusion. A set of wings unfurled, clearly draconic, and for a moment, that confusion soured.

"Oh, no, Maleficent," Spyro growled, glowering. "Figures! She must have grown some, and now she's going to *wait a minute, what—*"

Familiar markings pronounced the form as it flap-flapped higher, then shot out through the air above, bolting off to the North, unannounced. The huge, feminine figure only got so far as Spyro stared, before it sagged lower, heavier, awkwardly readjusting to its increased size and weight, until it gracefully skidded down into the trees, landing, then shaking off, then walking purposefully onward.

"Cynder!" Spyro gasped, breaking off toward the North as well, on reflex. "Hey!"

Sure, some part of Spyro knew she was going to keep on walking, that she would likely ignore his voice and his relief and concern. It didn't make it any easier when she confirmed it all, but storming along indifferently. He broke into a more destructive jog to close the gap, and the more he did, the

bigger Cynder seemed to get. From afar, she looked maybe as big as he had been, leaving their world with Ripto. Up close, though, even with his size increase, she was still tall enough that his muzzle hardly could have bumped her shoulder. She must have been over 300 feet tall, in that case, a far cry past her previous scale! Despite the inherent intimidation factor, he cleared his throat, and soft-spoke:

"Cynder," he huffed, all that violet muscle twitching, as he thoomed nearer, and waved her down. "Come on, turn around! Today's been crazy enough, the l-least you could do is acknowledge me...yeah? Hello?"

On the taller dragoness walked, prompting Spyro to puff and jog out a bit further, yet, in efforts to get in front and cut her off.

"Come on, this would be a lot better if you'd just snap out of whatever..."

His thick voice trailed off, all efforts at a toothy grin slipping back to nil on sight of her. Her muzzle was locked into a calm, terrible detachment, stony and unmoving. Her eyes were a dulled haze, seeing and blind, staring through everything, and seeing nothing. Unfortunately, that included him.

"Oh," Spyro sighed, dejectedly falling back as he tried to get some air. "Okay, no sale, got it. Won't waste time talking. Well, that's...fine...I'll just *make* you stop..."

He tensed his gargantuan calves, stretching purple scales, before bounding ahead, turning to face Cynder, and planting his very big, very heavy heels into the turf, cracking it. Boulders and fencing split and tumbled back as he took up a stance, braced, then (as politely as possible) put hands upon her. Expecting a slap or a bellow or anything, Spyro instead felt the continuing press of a bigger body walking right into his own, forcing him to grunt and dig in.

"Hey!"

His heels pushed back into the entrenched earth, plowing up a wide set of gouges as Cynder simply pushed him back. Having been gentle out of affection towards his comrade, the dragon huffed, then grit his teeth tight, and actually started to push back, hard.

"So that's...how it's gonna be..."

Biceps big enough to settle on flared and bulged, his forearms cording into fantastic definition. His massive shoulders tensed and swelled out as his pectorals tightened, stretching the plates loudly. His thighs ballooned out, even as they compacted into ferocious density, and in seconds, the heels stopped moving back. Now, he held fast, and in so doing, held *her* back, as well.

"*Unhand me*," Cynder rumbled, short and blunt. Her eyes remained forward.

"N-no," Spyro grunted, not using all of his muscle, but enough of it to have to concentrate. The once-tiny dragon was strong enough to catch a small mountain, now, and for all intents and purposes, that was about tantamount to this. "You need to wake up, is what!"

"*Little fool.*"

"Excuse me!?" Spyro balked, a flicker of anger sparking. It wasn't just the words that struck, it

was their source. He could have heard that from plenty of villains and scum, but from her, even having only known her so long, that hurt. "I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that—"

Again, Cynder pushed forth, and though Spyro held her in place, the movement pushed her colossal bosom out into his head, their under-curves pressing and jostling against it. The heat of Spyro's anger shifted, flushing into his cheeks with unbridled embarrassment, shock, and abject horror.

*"Mmmf!"*

*"MOVE."*

"HMM MMF!"

Both his massive arms hugged around Cynder's larger waistline, the huge dragon putting all his might in as he redirected his stance, and started to push Cynder back, one slow, stubborn step at a time. Instead of some roar of protest or any continual retort, something else came out, and the moment it impacted Spyro's back, he wound up being the one to roar.

"GAH!"

A great sheet of shadow flame battered down on him as Cynder attacked, callously hammering the bulky dragon with volley after volley. The first blast burned, but the second and third began to break in, sizzling between his huge scales, penetrating.

"Stop!"

*"RELEASE ME!"*

"AH, NUTS TO THIS—"

Seeing no use in drawing things out further, Spyro heaved back. Instead of pushing Cynder forward, he pulled away, not letting go. Cynder's vacant eyes remained hazy, yet saw fit to widen in surprise as Spyro's bulk contracted tighter, pulled harder, and hefted the 320-foot giantess clear off of the firmament. For a surreal second she was again airborne, then hurtling face-first back in a mean arc, her horns, head and neck smashing with a meteoric impact, bashing down through the turf as Spyro pile-drove every curvy inch of her into defeat.

"Was tired of all talking all day, anyway," he panted, rolling his sore shoulders. He took a few wobbling steps back, then put hands to knees, and caught his breath. He glanced over at her colossal body, not quite upside-down, her shoulders kissing the ground, with no sign of her head above it. "Still...sorry. Sorry, sorry."

She wasn't moving.

"Cynder?"

Spyro popped his back, then stood back upright and advanced, only to stop; something very small was nearby, now, where he was sure it hadn't been before. On better sight, it was a smooth-skinned creature, bipedal, very similar to the three fairies. A human! He was atop a horse, and was

starting up incredulously at the both of them. Spyro stared, and he stared back, until a stirring in the soil interrupted. Both parties watched as the bigger dragoness twitched, then stirred, pulling her gigantic head free of the crater her impact had made. Chunks of debris and soil pattered down as Cynder groaned, shook her head, then rubbed up at her eyes.

"Ugh," she moaned, her huge muzzle wrinkling unpleasantly. "What happened?"

The tiny human below backed away on his steed, drawing Spyro's attention.

"Oh, hey, please don't go," he began, trying to balance out caution with wanting to pounce Cynder in a hug. That she was saying anything other than insults or threats was all he needed to go on. "We uh, we aren't going to harm you! W-what's uh, what's your name?"

"He's Prince Phillip, Spyro," Cynder sighed, pulling his attention back to her. Her body language was so different now, that it made Spyro step back. She was now sitting on the valley floor, her head buried miserably in a wall formed by her raised knees and wrapped arms. "He's supposed to help save Princess Aurora. And I was on my way to kill him."

"You *what*?" Spyro repeated, laughing. "Come on. Him?"

Both males watched as a hard sob escaped, Cynder's head sinking lower against her arms.

"It happened," she muttered, sniffing, unwilling to show her face. "*Again.*"

Spyro's mouth was opened to speak, but he had nothing in the chamber, so it just remained stupidly open. He looked down at the tiny Prince, then bit his lip. He kept his voice low and gentle as he could, though to Phillip, it still came out as:

"SHE'S UPSET, I'M SORRY. YOU'RE PRINCE PHILLIP? THE FAIRIES SENT ME! YOU KEEP ON WITH YOUR QUEST, AND GO SAVE HER! WE'LL HANDLE MALEFICENT, OKAY?"

The smallest of *thank you's* may have been heard, as the tiny Prince waved a sword, then bolted onward on his horse. With that, he carefully put a hand on Cynder's shoulder, leaning in.

"Hey. Ah, I'm not too sure what—"

"There was another dragon, in my version of our world," Cynder explained, between oversized sniffs. "He...I wasn't a good dragon, Spyro. I wasn't, and I did terrible things. I was under his influence, but I still did them. But then I met you, and we, we were a team, and it was *better...*"

Spyro didn't say anything, for once. His hand on her shoulder was the best he could do.

"Everything was better, with you. Now, I have this amazing second chance, and what happens? I get controlled, again. I even attacked you. I swore I'd..."

Cynder's face rose up, and her features were weighed by a life's regret. The smile that fought its way out of that unhappiness was just as sincere, though, and as Spyro helped her back up to a stand, he offered one to match.

"It could've been me, or Figment, or anyone," Spyro said, slowly, wagging a monstrously thick tail behind him. "Seriously. It's nothing you did. You ever want to talk about back then, I'm all ears. You never want to mention it again, I'll talk instead. I'll talk your ears off!"

"Oh," Cynder started, a last sob spiking gracelessly into a laugh. "Yeah, I imagine you could."

"Imagining isn't my job," he shot back, smirking. "And as happy as I am to see you, Figment could probably use our help."

"Right, Figment," Cynder gasped, realizing. "Is he—"

"Yeah. No offense, but let's keep this brief," Spyro interjected. "You knew the Prince."

Cynder nodded.

"Which means, you know Maleficent."

Cynder growled deep, snorting smoke.

"Which means you were still aware of the story, thus far. Which means all I gotta tell you is, we met the three fairies, they're good, Figment was knocked out, but he should wake up soon, and we blew up the fairies' house, and we need those candies back."

"Right, I saw them, and her bird, Diablo. Spyro, she's huge now! She fed off of Ripto, they found him when we landed, and you were out cold, and I tried to keep him from being hauled off by the horde, then I blacked out...did you say, you blew up a house?"

"Yeah, a magic house. Can you act?" Spyro asked, grinning.

"Can I what? Why?"

"Because if we're all together again, Figment can get us out of this world—and I know how to speed things up, *real fast!* I'll explain on the way, but we need to catch up with Prince Phillip..."

Several goblin-like sentries atop of the kingdom walls spotted Cynder's colossal form as she boom-boomed nearer, and nearer. One of them turned back to face the city, the castle and its oceans of thorns beyond it.

"She's returned!"

Diablo swooped down from nowhere, the 400-foot tall raven settling over the city streets with a sneer. He watched jealously as the dragoness stepped clear over the meager defenses, entered the city, and slammed a slightly-smaller dragon down onto the streets, cracking them as his thick bulk hit.

As Diablo narrowed his eyes, a much heavier series of thuds shook the landscape, until Maleficent's monstrous body loomed up over everything, 900 feet tall, so big she could have easily held several older versions of herself in one vast, clawed hand. Her self-satisfaction skyrocketed even higher at the sight of Spyro.

"My," she hissed, cocking a titanic head, "I had expected Prince Phillip, and I see this colossal idiot from earlier, instead! Defeated, no less...pray, tell me, slave...was he so tall and powerful, when you laid eyes upon him?"

"Yes," Cynder flatly spoke. She unfurled her hand, opened it, and offered the much larger dragoness sight of Prince Phillip, sans horse. Not that Maleficent cared. "He tried to interfere, but the mission was a success."

"Hah-hah!" Maleficent cackled, slamming her huge tail in triumph. "At last, the only impediment, removed! How he fought so hard to escape my earlier clutches...only to return right back to them, so heroically! Yes, most impressive. Well done, indeed. You are mine. The kingdom is mine. These...delightful candies, are mine! To think, such interference...ultimately ensuring my victory! The bag! Here! Now!"

Diablo quietly glowered away, staring daggers at Cynder the entire time, as the horde of goons parted. A single minion hustled along in a hurry, the bag of rattling candies in tow, and Maleficent coldly snorted, signaling for him to stop where he was.

"Another," she rumbled, opening her mouth wide. Cynder did everything she could not to react, as another tiny red candy went sailing high into the air, wherein Maleficent snapped her jaws around it, swallowing with dark relish.

"Ah. Now, as for this overinflated buffoon," she growled mockingly, nodding down to Spyro. "I think I shall enjoy adding to my...*increasing glory*."

One magnificent boom followed another, as Maleficent hauled her towering bulk closer, her claws as big as entire houses as they collided with and dug into the city. As one massive hand rose over Spyro, then began to lower, and as Cynder watched, keeping her stare as even as possible...Spyro raised his head up high, and shouted something that only made sense to him.

**"FIGMENT! RETURN!"**

"Really!" Blarion laughed, the bearded inventor setting a kettle of tea down onto the table. "Different colors, you say?"

"Oh, yes," Figment said, nodding, smiling wide. "Multiple colors, each with their own effects! I think going through the portal is what did it! And I thankfully had a whole bag full of them! I became a giant, you know!"

The little dragon sat on a stack of books placed upon his usual chair, in order to properly sit at the table with his partner. Blarion poured himself a cup, shaking his head slowly.

"Such a story! And those three fairies of old, the ones that helped you...you're really quite certain you didn't imagine them, out of the old books? Fairy tales, and the like?"

"Oh, no, this was all real," Figment replied, sipping tea from a gold-rimmed porcelain cup.

Outside, the bustle of midday serenaded the both of them, the lab otherwise quiet, as the clock in the back corner ticked away. Voices and cars came and went, a jumble of irrelevant noise, yet well-known, and therefore a welcomed old detail.

*Figment*

Somewhere outside, someone called out, far off and muffled. Figment reached out as best he could across the table for a biscuit off a plate.

"I won't lie," the little dragon chuckled, scraping the very absolute edge of the treat, in order to pull it over to him. "It was kind of nice, being gigantic! Some things were harder, but others were much, much easier."

"You, towering over me," Blarion mused, considering it. "Huh."

"Oh, no, over the whole academy," he laughed, puffing proudly. "You should have seen me!"

*think he's coming around*

"I think your friends are calling," Blair said, maybe a bit sadly.

*you try waking him, he's as big as a*

"Do you think so?" Figment asked, calmly. "Well...what should I do?"

"I can wait," Blair said, nodding sagely. "I don't think they can."

"Who?"

"You be good, Figment."

"What? I don't—"

The clock ticked much too loud, like a great, sharp click. Light from the sun poured in, filling everything, washing out the lab and its old safety, and with a rough couple of blinks, the great valley and its far-flung castles and three very, very small specks of green, red and blue returned to him.

"I DON'T..."

Even Figment's voice was enormous. It rumbled and reverberated powerfully through his huge neck, and in seconds, the massive dragon snapped upright, making the three fairies all cry out and scatter.

"OH! OH, I...OHHH," he finally sighed, shaking his head.

"Gracious," Flora shouted, having no alternative to communicate. "Such a start! Figment, my dear, are you with us now?"

"GUH," the thousand-plus-foot dragon murmured, rubbing his muzzle some. "WAS I

ASLEEP?"

"You were, at that!" Fauna added, the tiny green light hovering nearby. A blue one shot in close, glowing intensely bright.

"Forget all that!" Merryweather barked. "Your friend, Spyro, he went off to get that bag of yours back from Diablo, who's already taken it to Maleficent! We need to go, and go now!"

"THE BAG!?" Figment balked, looming up higher and higher as he drunkenly staggered to full height. He blinked, looked himself over, then hollered in shock, and it was about as light and measured a cry as an entire army firing its cannons all at once. In a tunnel. "WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!? I...I'M ABSOLUTELY IMMENSE!"

"Nevermind all that!" Merryweather replied, all motion and sound. "Just order the bag back to you, then follow us! At your size, you could swat that miserable Maleficent!"

"I COULD? OH...OH, T-THE BAG, OF COURSE! BAG! RETURN!"

Nothing. Figment had made a bit of a pose, upon commanding; he held it, as though it were somehow instrumental, until he too had to concede that it simply hadn't worked.

"HMM...BAG, RETURN!"

Again, nothing.

"Oh, no," Flora muttered.

"IS IT...TOO FAR AWAY?" Figment wondered, shrugging his vast shoulders as he towered over the forests, between the mountainsides. "MERRYWEATHER, IS THERE ANY KIND OF A RANGE TO THE SPELL?"

"No, there shouldn't be," the tiny blue dot sighed. "That's why this is so bad! Maleficent's surely placed a spell of her own on the bag, if it hasn't returned to you by now!"

"MEANING...WE HAVE TO GO GET IT, BY FORCE!"

Suddenly emboldened by Blarion sitting there at the table, telling him he should help his friends, Figment stormed off, his humongous feet crashing down on the valley below.

Well, Blair had said something to that effect, Figment was positive.

"Wait, Figment!" the three tiny lights all shouted, cutting in front of him. "Before we go, we need at least some kind of a plan! Maleficent is wicked and cruel, but she's crafty and sharp, as well! When Prince Phillip first escaped her castle, Maleficent ejected the entire city's populace with a spell, and took it for herself! They sleep, but somewhere where we can't easily find them! That gives her another bargaining chip against us! If we were to simply plunge into a confrontation with her and her forces, we—"

With that, the three small dots of color and the massive Figment simply disappeared, blinking

out of sight, leaving only a shattered home, snapped forests, and two incredibly large dragon footprints.

A single blink later, and Figment opened his eyes to a half-ruined old-world city, a thin sheet of rowed homes and stores and inns all sprawling around his massive feet. Ant-like cronies and goons all suddenly cried and fled every-which-way, before he looked ahead to the sight of a huge, very upset bird, and an even bigger black dragoness, only so much smaller than even he.

"MALEFICENT!" Figment hollered, startled, as the villains all lurched back in shock at the same time.

"FIGMENT!" Cynder shouted, ecstatic, reaching only up to the imaginary dragon's mid-belly.

"CYNDER?" he said, looking back around to find her hugging into him, just as Spyro leapt up to action.

"GREAT, YOU'RE HERE! COME ON, BUDDY, LET'S FIX THIS!"

"Oh!" Flora said, getting her bearings, a mere dot in front of Figment's looming muzzle. "He did it, and so fast!"

"DID WHAT?" Figment asked.

"I HAD MERRYWEATHER DO A SPELL ON ME, THE SAME AS YOUR BAG!" Spyro whooped, wasting no time in charging Diablo. The huge bird squawked in rage as the bulky dragon tackled him, and hard. "THOUGHT IT WAS EASIER. NOW, GET THE CANDIES!"

"FOOLS!" Maleficent boomed, her vast roar sending the entire kingdom into a violent quake. "DID YOU THINK SUCH A PITIFUL TRICK WOULD UNDO WHAT I HAVE WROUGHT? HAHA! HOW DESPERATELY AMUSING! YOU..."

Figment was already on her, and his full size finally registered to the gloating mistress of evil. She recoiled, at long last, a flash of panic managing to pierce her cruel humor.

"WHAT," she thundered, rearing back, just enough so that Figment could pull a clumsy bear hug around her feral belly. "YOU AGAIN! HOW DID THE BOTH OF YOU...THE BAG!"

She broke into a wrestle with Figment, digging her claws in against his sides.

"Y-YOU STOLE IT!" Figment accused, only to see Maleficent's opened maw bearing down on him in response, a field of teeth the size of small towers snapping at him. He pulled his head and long neck back, narrowly missing her jaws as they crashed tight together, absolutely and utterly intent on a deathblow. "AH!"

"BE QUIET AND DIE!" she bellowed, her vast wings beating, so powerful that, unlike the others that had tried, she did manage to slowly get airborne, pulling Figment more and more, until his humongous heels left the city floor, then his toes. It took a moment for Figment to realize what was happening, throughout the rather short trip: she was growing. The more her hands and fingers dug into him, the more he felt himself starting to shudder and diminish smaller, and smaller. In a moment's time,

he had slipped down to 900 feet, whereas Maleficent was already bursting eagerly bigger, ballooning with a throaty rumble to over 1,000. In her rapture, she only dug in deeper, making Figment yelp.

"FIGMENT!" Cynder started, approaching, only for Diablo and Spyro to thud in between the two parties, rolling and struggling viciously over crashing storefronts and public fountains.

"HELL MANAGE!" Spyro roared, pushing Diablo's beak back with all his strength, overpowering the larger avian slowly but surely. "THE PRINCE...GET HIM INTO THE CASTLE!"

She nodded, then tore off past them. Understanding, Diablo tried to cut loose from Spyro, but the musclebound dragon held fast.

"NO...YOU...DON'T," he growled, putting the raven into a stranglehold, holding it tight, until Spyro heard a sudden, telltale *gulp*. Something slid down Diablo's throat, and Spyro huffed in agitation. "OH, NO WAY, YOU DIDN'T—"

Right away, as the growing Maleficent hefted Figment's body higher and higher in the distance, the raven began to rumble and twitch all over, prompting Spyro to double down and hold him tight, yet. The bird's wings retreated, without actually shrinking, the waves of feathers starting to huge around forming arms and fuller legs, and immediately, Spyro understood.

"AH, YOU STUPID BIRD!"

Diablo's eyes closed as his shaking grew worse, and worse, until his feral form snapped and lengthened out, clicking and shifting, growing fully formed man-limbs; as the avian's muscles swelled out and filled the new-grown arms and legs, a set of hands grasped at Spyro's hulking forearms, and began to force the embrace further apart.

"AWWWWK!"

"NO!"

Stronger though he was, the 250-foot Spyro was having more and more trouble simply holding onto that much feathered bulk, as Diablo blew up from 400 feet to 450, rumbled, huffed, then blew up to an even 500. Even the raven's man-hands swelled too big, until his grip covered his forearms with no trouble; the 530-foot man-bird twisted and forced Spyro off of him, all but flinging him away. immediately after, a sparkling set of green, red and blue chains magically grew into sight, then swelled large enough to snake around Diablo's growing body, curling and coiling tight over it, entrapping the massive raven as he bellowed and toppled over with a great crash.

Spyro skidded sideways, passing just underneath Figment as Maleficent pulled him higher and higher up with each billowing flare of her ever-growing wings.

"TO THINK THAT *ANY* OF YOU WELPS WOULD GIVE SO MUCH TROUBLE," she sneered, mock-laughing, as she grunted from the sheer strain of moving something as big as Figment; even as he shrank to 800 feet, he still proved massively heavy. "THE ONLY TROUBLE NOW IS THE EFFORT OF KEEPING YOU UP! SHALL I LET YOU GO, AND RELIEVE MYSELF OF SUCH TIRESOME BURDENS? OR OUGHT I ENJOY YOUR...*COMPANY*, A BIT LONGER?"

"WHY...ARE YOU EVEN...DOING THIS?" Figment growled back, kicking uselessly in the air with both legs as he trembled and slipped down to 700 feet. "ARE YOU JUST...CRAZY?"

"HMM," she smirked, narrowing her glowing green eyes to sharpened, nasty slits, huffing happily as she bulged loudly, stretching bigger, surging past 1,200 feet. "AS I IMAGINED. IT WOULD SIMPLY BE TOO MUCH TROUBLE, LETTING THIS FEAST OUT OF MY GRIP!"

"WAIT—"

As she began to tighten her grip, something caught her eye. Spyro was up again, and clutching up at Maleficent's low-hanging tail, catching it with both hands, and yanking her 1,300-foot bulk down, down, towards the earth.

"UNHAND ME, YOU DOLT!" she all-but screamed, rattling the city and wobbling the castle towers nearby.

"DON'T WORRY, FIGMENT, I GOT HER!" Spyro said, flexing impossible muscles. "CYNDER, DOUBLE-TIME IT! GET HIM TO THE CASTLE, NOW!"

Before, Maleficent had borne their rebellion with a measure of mild irritation and bemusement. But, once she heard him speak, then looked around herself to see Cynder carrying a very-alive Prince Phillip to the castle, she let out a sound so specifically hideous that Figment's skin crawled back, even as he continued to dwindle down to 600 feet, then 550 feet, as Maleficent burst even more massive in size and bulk, her fat tail bloating bigger against Spyro's grip. Her eyes were round as saucers, and burning like hell on overload as she screeched bloody murder.

"YOU...*MISERABLE...WRETCHES!*"

Figment went sailing as Maleficent flung him loose, a petulant child no longer enjoying its toy. He crashed with his remaining 500 feet into an inn, several lord's manors, and a parlor, before flumping headlong into a stop. The hordes of underlings all scattered fearfully, despite Figment's perpetually-adorable features, and as he shook the impact off and looked head, he saw.

He saw the one minion there, holding a bag roughly his own size. The candy bag. *His* bag!

"B-BAG, RETURN!" Figment boomed, rising back to his full height. The bag did not obey, making Figment growl in frustration as the waves of underlings all broke off into flight in a thousand directions. "ARGH, STILL!?"

He reached down with a massive hand, scooping up at least twenty goons, one of which did indeed have the bag in tow. Figment didn't have a single mean bone in his body, big or small...but at *big*, he was able to fake it well enough.

"HAND IT OVER!"

"Eeeeeee!"

The underling practically hurled the bag forward, Figment dropping them all in reflex as he snatched it mid-air. Finding it too small to interact with, however, he realized the problem with his

rampant growth.

"I CAN'T GET ANY OUT...WITHOUT THEM GOING EVERYWHERE," Figment grumbled, frowning his brows, just as he heard something rumbling and swelling behind him. He turned in time to see Diablo straining against his chains—no, wait. He wasn't fighting them. If anything, he was clacking his beak in what looked like joy.

"CHAINS?" he mused, before gasping. "CHAINS! MAGIC CHAINS!?! WAIT, STOP! FLORA, FAUNA, MERRYWEATHER!"

Three very small colored dots hovered nearer, inquiring.

"What is it, Figment?"

"THE MAGIC ABSORPTION HE GAINED!"

"Oh, no, he took another one, see? He is as a human now! It's quite alright!"

"BUT THEY MIGHT COMPOUND," Figment explained, frantically, as Diablo shook worse and worse. "HE MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO ABSORB—"

At that, the rumbling raven caw-boomed, unable to help it, as his rumbling body exploded larger! The chains faded away as the lingering multicolored sparkled faded and dissolved into him, feeding Diablo more and more power, so that he burst from 600 feet to 640, then all the way up to 700! His humanoid rump and tail feathers crept out larger, swelling warmly over a row of homes, snapping, then bash-crushing them down into powder under more and more growing girth. His feet pushed out, toe curling, pushing and smashing through the neighboring row of houses, talons viciously blowing out through the other side as he clacked his beak, shook, and burst bigger, and bigger.

"Heavens!" Flora cried, as Figment quickly cut in:

"CAN YOU UNDO MALEFICENT'S SPELL ON THE BAG!?"

"W-we can try—" Merryweather spoke, before all three fairies vanished, overtaken and lost as Diablo's huge beak opened and snapped them all up greedily.

"OH, MY," Figment gulped, starting to scramble away in a panic, as the 750-foot Diablo rolled his huge eyes back in delight, and began to feed on all three magical beings. "OH NO OH NO OH NO, COME ON, BAG! WORK! LISTEN TO ME!"

As he stumbled back, bumping against the low wall to the city, Diablo began to spasm and quake all over, his muscles pulsating, his feathers billowing out in pleasure. His thick talons curled as he shook terribly, then shook worse, and with a great, banging *boom* of pressure loosed, the man-raven erupted larger! His feet surged wider, and wider, scaled heels swelling out over the streets, as his thighs blew up wider, his hips expanding, his abdominal wall booming out bigger, his pectorals flexing so hard that they showed, even under the feathers, as Diablo's rising height passed 800 feet...840 feet...870 feet...

Figment backed harder into the wall, demolishing it with his sheer size, though his 500 feet was

looking less and less impressive, compared to Diablo's towering 900-foot size. He could have laid down and covered nearly a third of the city, and standing, he could have been seen all the way back at the fairies' home! He stared evilly down, down at Figment, his beak getting progressively pinched by his bulging pectorals, his fists clenching together in cruel enjoyment as his back muscles tensed and flexed idly, raw power pouring off of the 940-foot behemoth.

Further down the way, Maleficent paid no heed to the change; she was too busy rampaging through the higher tiers of the cityscape, crushing and climbing over the smoldering ruins of the nobles' mansions and properties, her scaly belly smashing hard into the higher walls of the final tier as she chased Cynder down, all fury and death.

"YOU CANNOT!" she bellowed, as every single thorn grew larger, longer and thicker, sprouting up through the devastation her 1,300-foot body created in its passage. Cynder climbed the lowest outer-rampart of the great castle, easily able to scale it at her size, and as she hefted her curves and healthy rump and tail over it, Maleficent's claws sailed by, narrowly missing. "THIS CANNOT BE! NO!"

"S-SHUT IT!" Spyro counter-roared, the muscled male pulling for all he was worth on Maleficent's mammoth tail, to lessening results. "YOU CAN MAKE IT, CYNDER! SHE CAN'T HOPE TO FIT INSIDE, SHE CAN'T STOP HIM ONCE HE'S IN!"

"YOU," Maleficent boomed, turning back suddenly to him, wrath dripping off her hissing words. "I'LL SAP YOU DRY, LATER!"

With a hard snap of her tail, even for all his power, Spyro went flying back. He crashed headlong, bouncing over the middle-tier of the city realms, crashing down into the majority of the lower portion with such force that he bashed into Diablo's lower legs from behind, toppling the shocked bird with the kind of resounding crash only 1,100 feet of mass could manage.

The cry of surprise allowed three tiny dots to jet free, streaking in a scramble into the higher altitudes. As Spyro wobbled to a stand, he turned to see the felled leviathan Diablo had grown into, and turned back to Spyro with a toothy grimace.

"HE...HE REALLY BLEW UP!"

"SPYRO, THE BAG!" Figment wailed, showing it in his massive hand. "IT'S TOO SMALL TO GET ANY CANDIES OUT OF!"

"DUMP THE WHOLE THING, THEN!"

"WUH-I CAN'T DO THAT, THEY'LL GO EVERYWHERE! ANYONE COULD EAT THEM! IF I CALLED IT BACK ONTO ME, I...I THINK IT WOULD FIT AGAIN, IT WOULD GROW TO MATCH ME!"

"THAT'S BRILLIANT!" Spyro said, doing a bit of a dance in place, as Diablo began to stir from the smoking pillars of ruin his fall had made. "BY ALL MEANS, TRY IT!"

"I CAN'T, MALEFICENT PUT HER OWN SPELL ON IT!"

"THEN...UH..."

Diablo was forcing incalculable tons of brawn up from the fall crater, snorting out a streak of smoke, hands big enough to clutch entire mansions slamming down over the rim, crushing the remaining homes. Unoccupied though they were, the devastation was enough to make even the giant dragons pause in fear.

"UH...T-THEN, IMAGINE IT ISN'T COUNTER-SPELLED!"

"IT ISN'T A CURE-ALL, SPYRO!"

"JUST TRY IT! YOU CAN DO IT! YOU OUTDID THE FAIRIES' SPELL, SO NOW YOU SHOW THAT WITCH YOU'RE EVEN STRONGER THAN HER!"

"AH...HER SPELL IS BROKEN, HER SPELL IS BROKEN," Figment chanted through grit teeth, clearly in a panic, as the far, far larger Diablo crawled up out of the crater, popping his thick neck, and bringing a massive fist down onto Spyro, crushing him down into the remaining roadways with a terrible thud of force. "AH! I CAN USE IT, NO PROBLEM! THE SPELL IS BROKEN! B-BAG, RETURN!"

Still, the bag sat in his open palm. Spyro reared up from the smoke, planting an uppercut square into Diablo's beak. The titan stumbled back, more from surprise than anything—but it was the full weight of Spyro dropping his elbow onto the bird's foot that actually made Diablo roar in pain.

"WORK WORK WORK, PLEASE," Figment overtly begged, watching on, as the bag suddenly flashed, then went back to normal, otherwise offering no sign as to any improvement. Had that done it?

*You can't call me, Figment, Blarion gently reminded, the afterimages of tea time at the table returning. Think. You cannot call what's already there. Science is all technicality.*

When the solution hit, Figment could have kicked himself. Of course.

As Spyro put both fists together and slammed them into Diablo's beak, Figment took a calming breath, and set the bag down. He backed away, making sure he was fully removed from it, then gave the proper order.

"BAG, RETURN!"

Another flash. When it cleared, the bag was there, hugging him as a child might a protecting parent, straps about his huge shoulders, facing his belly, the flap open. It had indeed grown to match, proving the hypothesis right—and, more importantly, giving him candies the size of boulders!

"SPYRO!"

Figment's gigantic voice caught his attention, as he wrestled with the much-larger bird. He looked up, to Figment, just as Diablo's fist raised higher and higher overhead. He saw a single, giant-sized green candy go flying directly at him. No further words were needed; all that was needed was for Spyro to open his mouth as he lay there, upside-down, with Diablo bearing down on him, and let the candy plop right into it. The swallowing, he could manage on his own.

As Figment dug in the bag for two more candies, Diablo cawed unhappily, then in a flustered bark of chaos, as Spyro's overwhelmed bulk ballooned bigger, and bigger, and bigger, starting to throb out and heave up against his own, scales pushing back against feathers. Diablo's admirable physique suddenly paled in comparison to the bulges of tight violet mass pulsing and booming and stretching out into him. His 1,100-foot form slowly inched up off the city ruins as Spyro's pectorals crowded his, inflating disproportionately massive and full, his shoulders bursting, his biceps groaning and flaring and peaking higher and higher. Two monstrously bulky legs and clawed feet pushed out from under Diablo as Spyro surged up to 400 feet, then 440, trembling with raw power.

"AWWWK!" Diablo roared, flexing as hard as that much muscle could afford, trying in vain to throttle Spyro's booming neck bulk; even at 500 feet, only half the avian's size, even with much bigger, feathery hands, Diablo was unable to compress on that much growing muscle, and with a shuddering huff of joy, the dragon wobbled and rumbled and blew up even greater, inflating to 600 feet, his arms swollen up so big and thick that both of the raven's huge arms bundled together couldn't have matched them.

"I'LL GIVE YOU...SOMETHING TO...*AWWWK* ABOUT!" Spyro roared, as his pectorals screamed bigger, pushing all of Diablo away, even as Spyro's massive arms and clawed hands gripped the bird's arms, holding him, pulling and pushing him as Spyro shook and snorted and billowed out to 700 feet.

"WHEW, GOOD," Figment sighed, taking just long enough to make sure that Spyro was outclassing the raven in mass, before he thundered off toward the castle, which was still very much under siege by Maleficent's even bigger, towering form.

He had done it! He had undone even Maleficent's power, though it took some serious panic and strain to pull it off. It was only through sheer adrenaline that he was still moving, as he crash-ran his way up to Maleficent, her massive body blocking nearly half the castle as she bellowed and scoured the it over, streaks of green hellfire blasting out as she raged and snarled.

***"YOU HAVE NO CHANCE OF DEFEATING ME!"*** she blast-spoke, her voice like the end of nature. ***"NONE! CEASE YOUR RIDICULOUS ANNOYANCE, AND TURN PHILLIP OVER!"***

At her command, more and more bramble and thorn swelled out, encasing more and more of the castle. Great, spiny cords clustered and grew, sealing door after door, window after window, barring every possibly passage. Figment craned his neck enough to see Cynder there, crawling with one hand along the outer castle, Phillip surely in her other hand. Being several times smaller, she was able to constantly avoid the larger dragoness, only driving her more and more insane with anger and frustration.

***"INSULT UPON INSULT! I'VE DESTROYED ENTIRE KINGDOMS, THAT REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE ME...WHAT DO YOU THINK I'LL DO TO YOU, AFTER THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED!? I'VE GONE TOO FAR TO BE UNDONE BY THE LIKES...OF...YOU!"***

*She was able to drain my size from me, Figment thought, and fast. Using her hands. She's too dangerous with that ability, I can't let her get hold of me again...so, what if...what if I acted, without getting closer to her? Or...*

He started to imagine again, but nearly fainted on the spot. He shook it off as best he could, though his vision was blurring, and his equilibrium was shot.

*I'm not powerful enough at this yet, I guess. Too wiped out. Need...*

Figment opened up his hand, and held an enlarged blue candy, as well as a gold one.

*Right. Right! A power-up would do it!*

With no further hesitation, Figment popped the massive blue candy into his mouth, and swallowed. Instantly, that warm, telltale rumble swelled up within his cartoonish belly; with eyes closed, Figment balled his fists, willing for all he could manage, and *exploded* bigger.

750 feet of dragon-muscle bullied into Diablo, and even though Spyro's growth spurt was over, it was clear: the dragon was far, far, far stronger, and had no qualms with explaining it. Diablo's fists beat uselessly against his thick, plated pectorals, making only a series of pleasant drumbeats as Spyro hugged him in tighter, and tighter. When Diablo's feathers fluffed out, this time, it wasn't from delight.

The massive raven cried out and reared his head back, clearly taking aim with the tip of his beak, and Spyro moved his head as far right as his thickened neck would permit, the beak sailing by and slamming into his vast trapezius instead. He took aim again, and this time, Spyro headbutted back, the impact so hard, so strong, then the vibration shot back up through Diablo's massive beak, knocking the colossus out as Spyro let go, and allowed his limp body to crash backwards.

"THAT'S RIGHT!" Spyro hollered, his words booming out from a now-immense, oversized chest. He dusted himself off, and stood upright, a great tower of muscle and power, smooth and dense and swollen with god-level strength. "SERVES YOU RIGHT, FOR SERVING A NASTY WITCH LIKE HER."

He snorted dismissively, then finally looked out beyond the arena of their fight. Instead of seeing the rest of the city's sprawl, or Maleficent, or even the castle itself...all Spyro saw was Figment. Lots and lots of Figment.

"...WHOA!"

Figment's eyes stayed closed, as he soared larger and larger, ballooning well-beyond 1,000 feet now. As Maleficent heard Spyro's exclamations, and as she turned around, she too gasped. She had done so in time to see a 1,400-foot tall Figment bulging ever-higher, the sounds of his swollen growth spurt echoing out across the kingdom.

*Come on, body...grow! I'll need every bit of power for this to work...*

1,500 feet trembled and blew up to 1,600 feet...1,700 feet...1,800 feet! Figment's muzzle loomed up to match the great height of the castle, thorns and all, and yet it only rose higher still, Maleficent watching in a daze as Figment's chest rose to replace his muzzle, then his middle belly!

Feet as big as small lakes consumed more and more of the city's ruins, crashing and snapping through everything, his heel so huge that it pressed into and began to shove Spyro and Diablo's limp form back, as he continued to burst taller, wider, boom-boom-booming to 2,000 feet in size!

He felt his horns pushing out like vast trunks behind his head, his muzzle pushing out longer, his neck bulging thicker, his rumbling arms and haunches gushing bigger in volcanic eruptions of growth, pushing his stretching body up to over 2,200 feet, then 2,300!

Even Cynder stopped a moment, clinging to the other side of the back of the castle; everyone watched that wasn't asleep, as the once-puny dragon trembled and hiccuped, blowing up to a staggering size of half a mile! Half a mile's worth of scaled bulk loomed overhead, like Armageddon in the flesh. And it was still rumbling all over, deep down.

"INCREDIBLE," Cynder muttered, as the minuscule Prince watched, from between her huge fingers. "I MEAN, QUICK, PRINCE PHILLIP! THERE'S A CRACK HERE, I THINK...WHILE MALEFICENT'S DISTRACTED, LET ME JUST..."

There was indeed a crack in the outer wall, on their side; wasting no further time, she held on with one hand, and brought the other hand close to it, allowing the Prince to thankfully slip inside.

As the monstrously huge Figment looked himself over, a flash of pink light flared from within the castle, drawing Maleficent's attention back. Her rapt expression melted into such a frenzied fury that her previous evil features suddenly looked darling, in comparison.

**"NO..."** the dark dragoness seethed, shaking with hatred. **"NOOO!"**

By the time Figment could look down over his own belly well enough to make things out, and by the time Spyro could even walk around Figment's haunches, it was done. Maleficent brought both her colossal ebony arms tight around the midsection of the entire castle, and began to violently crush in against it, her arms bulging with malicious strain.

**"SO SHALL AURORA AWAKEN, THEN,"** Maleficent snarled, **"TO DEATH!"**

"SHE...SHE'LL CRUSH THE WHOLE PLACE!" Cynder shouted from behind the castle, still hanging on. "I CAN'T REACH INSIDE AND FIND THEM! I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D LOOK!"

Figment loomed overhead, considerably, drawing her attention.

"HERE!" he spoke, his gentle voice rumbling down into the kingdom, quaking the skies, and shaking its clouds. Before Cynder could ask any questions or object, she saw a golden candy fall her way from high, high up above.

She winced, but opened her maw, and swallowed. Right away, though her body swelled larger, as expected, Cynder felt her rear and hips disproportionately burst out in size, the base of her tail swelling fatter as her sheer expansion of her stretching rump cheeks forced it higher and higher out. She shuddered, embarrassed, as her already-healthy bust trembled and boomed bigger, rolling and inflating, kissing against the castle exterior, growing and groaning.

350 feet trembled and lurched clumsily up to 400, her shoulders spreading wider, her head pushing higher, her thighs expanding to absurd measurements as she struggled to hang on, groaning both happily and unhappily, just as her humongous, overgrown chest boomed through the wall, starting to plump and swell throughout the interior, her teats and swollen areolae blowing through walls and

stairwells as they relentlessly ballooned in scope, filling more and more of the castle, even as Maleficent's crushing embrace grew worse still.

***"I SHALL NOT BE DENIED...MY...VENGEANCE!"***

With a final, terrible roar, the shell of the castle cracked and crumbled, obliterated to a spray of ruin and debris that caked Maleficent's scales as she roared. All that remained where Cynder's monumentally-inflated chest, which the fell dragoness took no notice of as she hissed and twisted her bulk to face Figment.

"FIGMENT, WATCH OUT!" Spyro hollered, as the towering dragon realized what was happening.

***"IT IS DONE!"*** Maleficent laughed, unmitigated delight in her draconic voice. ***"IF IT CANNOT BE TO PROPHECY, THEN I SHALL COMMENCE A NEW ONE! STARTING WITH YOU, YOU TOWERING TWIT! YOU ARE MINE!"***

In a second, she was upon Figment, having torn herself from the ruined castle, and flung onto his bigger body. Twice her mighty size, at least, Figment had no trouble bearing her girth, as the enormous dragoness planted both hands greedily on his belly's sides, and began to pull all she could from him.

"NO!" Cynder roared, along with Spyro.

***"SUCH AN ABSURD ERROR ON YOUR PART, WELP!"*** Maleficent cruelly boasted, as he rumbling body began to rapidly, fitfully swell larger. ***"YOU WILL MAKE SO BIG...I SHALL SIMPLY CRUSH THE LOT OF YOU! THEN...I SHALL FILL MY PRECIOUS DIABLO WITH ALL THE MAGIC I POSSESS...ONLY TO FEED UPON HIM AGAIN, AND AGAIN! YOU'VE SAVED NO ONE! YOU'VE...AHHH, ONLY GIVEN ME...MOOOOORE!!!"***

True to form, Maleficent exploded larger, and fast. Just as Figment shook and blew up to 3,000 feet, she pulled a full 500 back out of him, pumping her groaning black body up to 1,800 feet, to his 2,500...yet, Figment simply folded his huge arms and huffed, before trembling and blowing up to 3,400 feet!

"WHAT'RE YOU DOING, FIG!?" Spyro balked, not sure what to do at this point.

"FIGMENT, STOP!" Cynder bellowed, pleading, as they watched Maleficent shudder all over and clutch tighter, booming up to a horrifying 2,500 feet, bringing Figment down to her size in a momentary even match, before Figment smiled coyly, and rumbled even harder, rocketing up to a full mile!

Their combined feet cracked and split the city in the center, great pillars of earth displaced upwards from raw pressure. Spyro, even nearing 800 feet tall, found himself staring up at both dragons' knees, backing away in fear, before Figment's larger feet were overtaken by Maleficent's, as the towering, sky-high dragoness cackled and bellowed, lost in growth-lust, erupting all the way up to a stunning 3 miles, nearly 16,000 feet, her horns nearing the lowest of clouds, finally surpassing Figment as he dwindled down to 2 miles.

Suddenly moved to action, and heaven knowing why, Figment looked back down, down, down to the firmament, winking knowingly. Spyro blinked, then cocked his head, baffled.

"COUNT TO TWENTY!" Figment boomed, his voice actively cracking the landscape with a thin strip of cracks, rustling trees, and shaking mountains, as both he and Maleficent shook worse and worse.

"HUH!? WHAT'S THAT MEAN--"

At that, Figment closed his eyes and concentrated, hard. So much power flowed within him, that this time, it only took a moment for the portal to appear behind Maleficent's tremendous bulk. Subsumed by avarice, she failed to note as it rapidly expanded bigger and bigger, behind her. Both dragons watched from far below as the disc swelled to absolutely gargantuan proportions, far outclassing the disc that took Ripto with them, before. When it reached about 4 miles in diameter, the strain finally began to show on Figment's face, giving him time and strength enough to catch Maleficent in a tight hug.

**"SUCH...POWERRRRR!!!"**

That was when Figment dug his heels into the kingdom, leaned into her, and forced both himself and Maleficent into the portal, which then vanished outright. A wave of displaced air rushed out to fill the void, then came the silence.

"Cynder?"

Spyro's huge voice was getting closer, as she blinked back to reality, then saw him scaling up the crushed tiers of the city, reaching both the remains of the castle, and her. She had billowed up in all the ruckus to a mighty 600 feet, just shy of Spyro's...*massively* built self.

"You...you're *huge*," she panted, gulping, still reeling from the showdown.

"You t-too," Spyro gasped, only eyeing her double-sized chest a selfish little moment. It was so big now that he doubted she could even hug around it fully, and lock fingers. He was suddenly terribly taken with attempting it, himself—until the elephant in the kingdom returned to his thoughts. Well, the elephant gone from the kingdom, rather.

"Where..." she started, only to blush darkly as small waves of motion emanated from her scaly cleavage, followed by two small humans popping up from within, still intact, still alive. "Wait...Prince Phillip!? You..."

"And Aurora!" Spyro laughed, tail-whipping around in relief. "She didn't crush them!"

"I think...haha," Cynder laughed, unable to help it. "That...he knew! Figment knew! It's...well, a bit embarrassing, yes...but I think I padded them before Maleficent could smash the rest of the castle in, and crush them!"

"But, did he really...did he really just take that lunatic dragoness into a whole new world?" Spyro rightly asked, suddenly concerned all over again.

"He must have known what he was...wait, he said something to you, didn't he?"

Spyro blinked, then panicked.

"Oh, no! Ah, yeah! One...two...three...four...five...ah, uh, six...seven..."

Cynder and the two humans watched on, speechless, as Spyro counted up and up.

"...Eighteen...nineteen...t-twenty!"

Nothing happened. They stared at each other.

"Wait, are we stuck here, then?" Cynder asked, her beautiful eyes widening in fright.

"He said count to twenty...but then what?" Spyro moaned, pacing heavily around on his two huge feet. "What? What am I supposed to do? I don't have any powers that can..."

He lit up, his wings flaring out, his tail going rigid.

"What?"

"H...haha! Hah!"

"WHAT!?"

***"FIGMENT...RETURN!"***

There was a flash.

When it finally faded off, there Figment was. He stood roughly 400 feet tall, smaller now than either of them, and he coughed and hacked, dusting himself off. He was covered in bruises, and almost fell over, trying to stand up straight. But the smile he had on was a doozy.

"That...was at least fifty," he wheezed, before falling over. He lay there a time, wagging sluggishly, as Spyro and Cynder and the humans within her bust all approached, cautiously, then in joy.

"You maniac!" Spyro laughed, as if it was the funniest thing ever conceived. "You scared us so bad! What happened to not ditching!?"

"I figured you'd call me back for an earful," Figment joked, sitting up.

"But...Maleficent," Cynder started.

"She's elsewhere," Figment said, coughing a few times more. "She's the one I ditched."

"Doesn't that mean there's a multi-mile-sized dragoness with absorption powers on the loose, in some poor world?" she concluded.

"I admit...it took multiple portals...to tax enough size out of us...when we landed in a barren

wasteland, I got away from her. We were both exhausted by that point, so escaping far enough away to get pulled back to you without the risk of carrying her along was tricky..."

"Oh, thank goodness," Cynder sighed, her bust heaving.

"Well, that was all around seventeen, so...there was still a bit of a chase. Lots of fire breathed, nasty words, claws, curses. She really is a mean piece of work. But she's *alone* there now. There's no one to feed off, not a soul to be found. I had extra time to search and check."

"Look, I'm sorry," Spyro sighed, blushing. For all his unbelievable muscle, he was unable to stop stammering the rest out. "You know, y-you were gone and a-and I didn't, I wasn't...ugh, can w-we just go?"

"In a minute, please," Figment muttered, slumping down tiredly. "We have a loose end, still."

He weakly pointed a claw back to the gigantic, knocked-out body of Diablo.

"We can handle that, my friends!"

Flora might have been a mere pinprick to the three of them, but with a wave of a wand too small to see, both Phillip and Aurora vanished from Cynder's *protection* and reappeared down on the ruins of the city, beside the three tiny fairies.

"I've wanted to do this awhile, now," Merryweather said, and as the towering dragons watched on, curious, small slivers of magic shot forth and collected more and more of the rubble and ruin around them. They danced in the air, twirling, flipping, fitting together into a mighty stone shell, encasing the immense raven up, which then tightened into a full-on seal.

"Don't worry about him, he's contained," Fauna spoke next. "Not a bit of magic left on that stone, he can take nothing from it!"

"Whew," Figment said, nodding down at them all. Even reduced down to four hundred feet in size, he still towered over them all, easily. "Thank you! That's perfect!"

"It's the least we can do," Merryweather said, firmly. "We'll start rebuilding, now that the threat is gone! The awakened people will arrive to help, we're sure."

"Yes, we can handle this much, you've done your parts," Flora added, appreciatively. "Should you three ever end up back here again, please, come and see us! You'll be most welcome!"

In moments, Figment was feeling up to standing again, and his two support pillars were right by his side, just in case. Heck, even just to *be there*. He took a long breath, waved goodbye to the denizens of the awakening kingdom, nodded to Spyro and Cynder, and then concentrated, until another portal opened. This one was just big enough for all of them, something more manageable, and after they stepped through and vanished, only the humans and fairies remained.

And Ripto, who slumbered away in his pit, wholly undisturbed, and entirely forgotten.